WASHINGTON, D. C.

LINES BY MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE

This subfime and affecting production was but late ly discovered among the remains of our great epi pact, and is published in the recent Oxford edition of Milton's Works.

I am old and blind Men point at me as smitten by God's from : Afflicted and deserted of my kind, Yet I am not cast down,

I marmur not that I no longer see Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong, Father Supreme to Thee. O merciful One!

When men are farthest, then Thou art most near When friends pass by, my weakness shun, Thy chariot I hear Thy glorious face

Is leaning toward me; and its holy light hines in upon my tonely dwelling-place, And there is no more night I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown; My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see

Thyself-Thyself alone. I have naught to fear; This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing ; Beneath it I am almost sacred; here

Can come no evil thing.

Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land.

Visions come and go; Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng; From angel lips I seem to hear the flow

When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes— When airs from paradise refresh my brow, The earth in darkness lies.

My being fills with rapture-waves of thought Roll in upon my spirit-strains sublime Break over me unsought

Give me now my lyre!

I feel the stirrings of a gift divine Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,

Lat by no skill of mine. For the National Era

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILDREN. BY MARTHA RUSSELL. CHAPTER IV

Day was scarcely dawning in the East, whe a young boy stole softly through the back door of a house in the city of B—, and stealthily made his way to the street. With an occasional glance behind him, as if he feared pursuit, he walked rapidly onward, until, just beyond the limits of the city, he reached a spot marked by a tall guide-post, where a road branched off from the great turnpike he was pursuing, and stretched away toward the mountains on the East. Here he paused and stood for some seconds, gazing at the white guide-board, not that he needed its aid to tell him in what direction that road led, for he well knew that, after tugging up hills, stealing through vales, and leaping many a limpid stream, through a course of twenty miles, it ran close along the edge of a tract of forest, in the shadow of which dwelt a pale, wan-cheeked widow, whose every thought, sleeping or waking, was a

prayer for her boys.

For a moment, this thought pulled at his heart-strings, and even the great, black hand on the guide-hoard seemed, in the dim twilight, to point with a solemn gesture towards home.

heart-strings, and even the great, black hand on the guide-hoard seemed, in the dim twilight, to point with a solemn gesture towards home.

Afraid of me!" it then came the memory of his stern, impeservice; the thought of his uncle's biting reoukes, the ridicule of his young shopmates-and Jim Farnham turned his back doggedly on the friendly guide-board, and took the great turn-pike to Troy, from whence he expected to reach

Proud, petted, and self-willed, as the boy was when he was apprenticed to Mr. Meeks, ignorant as he was of the services which would be required of him, perhaps with a different master he might have succeeded better, or at least been spared much subsequent suffering. But Mr. Meeks was a hard man; his apprentices were to him, not so many immortal beings, for whose future destiny he was in some degree whose future destiny he was in some degree responsible, but so many speculations, in which pecuniary profit and loss were involved; and he treated them accordingly. Jim had not been there long before he began to think of running away. But the trouble was, which way to go. He did not care to go home, for he was exceedingly sensitive to ridicule, and had boasted quite too largely, before he went away, of what he should do when he got to the city, to hope to escape that—besides, his master had not failed to impress it upon his mind, that there were certain writings in his possession, that gave him unlimited control over him, and he knew that he should be compelled to go back; so he decided to leave it until his brother came home, and ded to leave it until his brother came home, and

make Ben take him to sea.

When the letter dictated by the widow, and written by Ellen Cross, reached him, announcing the fact that Ben had come and gone without seeing him, his course was taken at once, and on the road to New York, which he hoped t reach before Ben sailed.

The first intimation that his mother had of

his leaving his master was through an advertisement in the county newspaper, warning, as usual, "all persons against harboring or trusting him on his master's account." It was a sad blow to the poor woman, rendered inexpressibly bitter by the thought that, after all her indul-gent love, her boy had preferred wandering among strangers to returning to her arms; and even the hurried note, which soon reached her from Ben, stating briefly that he had met Jim as he was on the eve of sailing, and should take him with him, brought with it little comfort, for in those few words she read the utter destruc-tion of all her plans, the uselessness of her life-long battle with the ocean. It had, as it were, stretched forth its resistless arm, and plucked her children from the very bosom of the hills, that sweet Ellen Cross tried to infuse into her something of her own trustful, hopeful spirit.

"I shall never see my boys again," was the sorrowful reply—so constantly repeated that Ellen could no longer keep her dark forebodings from shadowing her own heart—a shadow that grew more distinct when the time came for the Tartar's arrival in port, and she did not appear month went by, and there came no news from her, and even ship owners and insurance offi-cers gave her up as lost, until all its fearful darkness was realized. It was a touching sight to see this young girl struggling to bear up against the great sorrow that shadowed all her young life, and striving to comfort the childless, heart-broken widow, whose reason at times seemed to grope dimly amid the night of thick darkness that had closed around her. The baptism of pain had come.

A battered and dismantled hulk upon a broad and limitless expanse of sea was all that

for joy.

The elder slept—a broken, feverish sleep; for at last he murmured, faintly, as in a dream—

"There is the old well, brother, and the water dripping from the bucket, and the very same old goard from which we used to drink! Don't you see it? Stand away, and let me drink, Jim, for I am choking with thirst!" "Ben! Ben!" moaned the frightened boy by

his side, striving to sit up and arouse the sleep-er, "don't talk so, for mercy's sake. There is nothing here but this terrible sea. We shall

mother!" and the boy sank down again upon

Ben slowly raised himself up, and, feebly brushing back the long hair from his brow, strove to collect his wandering senses. In the hurricane that had swept over them like the besom of destruction four days before, a falling sper had struck him in the breast, and shattered his right arm from his elbow to his shoulder, and the pain and fever attendant upon it had, to Jim's great horror, brought on occasional paroxysms of delirium. Even more terrible than all that he had suffered since he left home-than even the death which visibly, as it were, sat waiting and watching for them—was it to that remorse-stricken boy to hear him calling so wildly for his mother and Ellen, or murmuring faintly of woods and streams and the sports and occupations of their happy child-

hood!
Grasping a rope that dangled from the stump
of a mast, he steadied himself, while he anxiously scanned the prospect in every direction. Then, sinking down again, he turned his hollow, sunken eyes upon his brother's face, and for the first time, since the "whooping billows" swept their miserable companions from the wreck, Jim saw them filling with tears. There was no insanity there then; none in his tones, as, laying his hand upon Jim's, he said, faint-

"Listen, Jim-I am not crazy now, but there is a strange feeling—a faintness here, where that spar struck me," and he laid his thin hand upon his heart, "that tells me I must die. Don't talk, now," he went on, seeing Jim about to speak, "but listen to what I say. Last night I thought I saw, here away to the northward, a sail. I said nothing about it then, for I thought I might be mistaken; I think I caught a glimpse of it just now, but my eyes are too dim to see clearly; yet I feel certain that God has heard our mother's prayers, and that before many hours that sail will be down upon us. It will

"Oh, Ben, Ben—for pity's sake, don't talk so!" interrupted the sobbing boy. "It is I that should die! I that run away and broke our mother's heart!"

"I don't know, brother. I was older than you, and should have thought more of her horror of the sea, and less of my own wishes. But it is too late now. You will tell her all this, Jim, and you must never leave her again. And there is another to whom you will be kind, for my sake." For a moment, the poor fellow paused, and the great tears, passing from be-neath his closed evelids told how bitter was the thought of parting with his betrodled.

"Poor Ellen't hat piece of silk that I bought in Havana was for her wedding dress. It must go to the bottom with the old chest and the ship: out you will tell her about it, Jim: tell her forgot nothing, and thought of her till the last. You will say little about the hunger and thirst and cold to them, at least not at first; it will be hard enough for them to bear, without that but tell mother that I read her Bible as promised, and in my dving hour relied upon its

There was a long pause, broken only by the heavy, sullen washing of the waves against the sides of the wreck, and the sobs of the younger

"Try to raise yourself, Jim, and look steadily to the windward, just in the range of that stump of a mast. Do you not see a speck, as it were,

in the distance?"
"Nothing, nothing, dear Ben!" cried the boy as in despair he sank again by his side "There is nothing to be seen, but this terrible

ing." He looked long and anxiously in his brother's face, as if there were something that he wished, yet feared to speak.
"Jim," he said, at length, "if it should hap-

"Oh, Ben, don't-pray don't talk so dread-

"And you will not let them put me in the sea without a prayer, brother," he went on with-out minding the interruption; "it would make out minding the interruption; "It would make mother easier to know that her boy was buried like a Christian, though it was in the sea. And there is another thing, Jim. If you should live to get home, and ever get money enough, I should like to have you put up a little stone should like to have you put up a little stone with my name and age upon it, in the grave-yard, by the side of the one we had put up for father. We picked up walnuts to buy that, you remember. Ellen will help you, and sometimes, of a Sunday evening, you will go there together

Murmuring together, as had been their wont

He thought he should go mad, but poor Ben' voice, murmuring some familiar word, at length broke the fearful spell, and toward morning he too fell asleep, and, as if to atone for all these horrors, God sent him a happy dream of home.

horrors. God sent him a happy dream of home.

At length he thought he heard his mother's voice calling him and Ben, as had been her custom every morning, when the rising sunbeams tipped the tall tree-tops with fire, and, making an effort to spring to his feet, he saw before him, not the sunlit forest, but the tall, tapering masts of a brig that lay at a short it was a sund heard not distance, rocking on the waves, and heard, not his mother's voice, but the cheerful hail that rose from a boat that was making towards the wreck as fast as six well-manned oars could impel her. With a faint answering "halloo! he sunk beside his brother, crying—
"Ben, dear Ben! they have come! We

But there was that strange something—that undefinable, but unmistakeable seal upon the sunken face of the sleeper, that told him, ignorant as he was of death's mysteries, that his brother would wake no more on earth.

Ben Farnham's wishes with regard to his burial were religiously fulfilled. Captain Forbes himself read the service for the dead over his body, and then, soon as the blue waters had closed over him forever, they left the dangerous proximity of the wreck, and the seamen unfolding her white wings, again sped on her course ing her white wings, again sped on her course towards the distant shores of the Mediterranean

It was a stormy autumn night. The rain oured in torrents, while the wind tore through he forest as if it had a gage of battle with every individual tree, riving, twisting, and uprooting them in its wrath, stooping even to strip the humblest bramble that had found shelter beneath them of its leaves, while at interval there came a pause in the wild tumult, a settled hush, as if the elements themselves sighed over the desolation they had made, even while they

gathered breath to renew the combat. Out through the murky darkness gleamed faint light from the widow's cottage window, falling athwart the little footpath, and giving to the mottled trunk of the old button-ball before the door an almost ghostly appearance.

broad and limitless expanse of sea was all that remained of the noble Tartar.

The long, regular sweep of the waves, among which the wreck plunged heavily every moment, proved that the fury of the storm was long since over; yet this fact, although it did not escape the eye of the elder of the two wretched beings clinging to the wreck, brought with it little comfort. The struggle for life was well nigh over.

Drenched to the skin, shivering from cold, exhausted by pain and hunger, we much doubt whether the mother that bore them could have recognised, in those wasted, squalid figures, the strong-limbed, athletic boys who a few months before had caused her widowed heart to sing for joy.

the door an almost ghostly appearance.

Wild as was the storm without, there was a mightier presence within, for the widow was passing away from earth. The weary night that had settled down upon her after the loss of the Tartar was drawing to a close, the light of eternal day was breaking in upon that poor, bewildered mind. Ellen Cross and her mother were beside her, listening to her broken and incoherent murmurs. They were ever of her boys, and it seemed to the thoughtful fancy of Ellen that the spirit continued to flutter about the wan lips, as if there still lingered a faint hope that it might yet bless them in the body. Presently she made a motion to be raised, and, supported in the arms of Mrs. Cross, she laid her shrivelled hand upon the brown locks of the ently she made a motion to be raised, and, sup-ported in the arms of Mrs. Cross, she laid her shrivelled hand upon the brown locks of the weeping Ellien, and gathered back all the fleet-ing faculties of life, to pour them out in blessing upon the head of one who, in her own words, "had been more than a daughter unto her." The very elements seemed to hush themselves before that voice, as in broken, tremulous accents it called down the blessing of the videous Cod it called down the blessing of the widow's God upon the kneeling maiden. Suddenly there came a footstep upon the threshold, and a boyish figure, dripping with rain, sprang through the room, and flinging himself by the side of the girl, cried, tremblingly—

Ellen Cross sprang to her feet, and cast a piercing glance into the darkness, to see if he was not followed—then sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling the sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling the sank by the side of the bed, moaning the sank by the side of the bed, moaning the sank by the side of the bed, moaning the sank by the side of the bed, moaning the sank by the side of the bed, moaning the sank by bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole force of the wild storm without had centered in her breast. But for one moment the widow sat upright, and, drawing the boy's head to her bosom, she whispered, faintly—

"Is it as I feared? Are you alone, my boy?"

"I am all that is left, mother." Groping with her trembling hand until it again rested on the head of Ellen, and still clasping her child to her heart, the widow sank back in the arms of Mrs. Cross, while her lips murmured blessings so faint and indistinct that the angels alone could hear them. At last the lips were motionless, the flickering breath

Over the very spot where the widow's cottage stood a railroad now passes; houses have sprung up in the solitary places, and the voice of the wind in the grand old woods will never again fill the heart of man or boy with strange memo ries of the sea, for the axe of the speculator has been there, and only here and there a patch of green woodland remains to tell of its former

And he answered:

There is no vestige of the old home of the widow and her children remaining, but they are not quite forgotten. In the village grave-yard are three or four slabs of white marble bearing their names, for Jim did not forget his brother's dying wish; and sometimes, of a winter night, when the storm howls wildly without, enhancing by the contrast the comfort within some ruddy-cheeked matron tells to the listening group around the fire their story, and, with many a significant glance at the corner where her own boys sit with the morris-board between her own boys sit with the morris-board between them, enlarges on the perils of the sea, and the evils of "running away," and tells how Jim Farnham never, never could forgive himself for disregarding his mother's wishes.

It is quite certain that he never forgot it, as many a proud, discontented, self-willed boy, bent upon "running away to sea," has found, the compartable period of the

"Sailor's Home," in one of the crowded streets of New York, and listened to his story, for a of New York, and instelled on the start of that picture which poor Ben was so fond of painting has been realized. There is the neat house, there the blue water and the inthe neat house, there the blue water and the interminable crowd of shipping; and there, in the features of the serene, thoughtful-eyed woman, when the master of the house calls "sister," and the homeless, friendless sailor blesses as an beauty of Ellen Cross.

QUAKER'S REVENGE

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighpors: that is, they lived within half a mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him; and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker, a man of decihearly a year, and the Quaker, a man of deci-dedly peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis: for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his corn field, he discovered the filly in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he con-ceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so and the next morning bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man whom he had recently employed, heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he had shot at the house, where he stated that he had shot at and wounded a buck; that the deer had attack-ed him, and he hardly escaped with his life. This story was credited by all but the newly

employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and from his manner judged that some-thing was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through the head, from

which he warm blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard,

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted, "do you dare to say I killed her?"

man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly.

A few words of explanation ensued, when with a heavy heart the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to recover damages, but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he

he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.

One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after cating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds and the vegetables they con tained out of all shape—a mischief impossible

quietly asked Obadiah.

"I put her in the farm-yard."
"Did thee beat her?" "I never struck her a blow." Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy break-

fast, and when done eating I will attend to the son mounted a horse, and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismounting, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did.

"Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps, and seated himself in a chair.

"All well, I believe," was the reply.

"I have a small affair to settle with you this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I suppose," growled Watt.

"This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she had destroyed

And what did he do with her ed Dood, his brow darkening.
"What would thee have done with her, been my heifer in thy garden?"

"I'd shot her!" retorted Watt, madly, suppose you have done; but we are only even now. Heifer for filly is only 'tit for tat.'"
"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, "Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly; but the Evil One prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heif-

to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked, "what was your filly

antness between us."

"Willingly, heartily." answered Lawson, grasping the proffered hand of the other; let there be peace between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse, and rode home

with a lighter heart; and from that day to this Dood has been as good a neighbor as one could wish to have, being completely reformed by the RETURNING OF GOOD FOR EVIL.

LAST DAY OF THE GRAND EXHIBITION The London Times gives an animated description of the final scene at the great exhibition of the world's skill and industry: ceased, and the orphan boy and the widowed maiden arose and gazed upon the face of the

"Let the reader fancy what it must "Let the reader fancy what it must have been to comprehend within one glance fifty thousand people assembled under one roof in a fairy palace, with walls of iron and glass, the strongest and the most fragile material happily and splendidly combined. Let him, if he can, picture to himself that assemblage in the centre of that edifice filled with specimens of human industry and natural wealth, from every civil-ized community and the remotest corners of the ized community and the remotest corners of the globe. Let him tax his imagination to the ut-termost, and still beyond the material magnificence of the spectacle presented to him-let him remember that the stream of life on which he looks down contains in it the intellect and the heart of the greatest metropolis in the most powerful empire in the world—that strong feelings, such as rarely find utterance in a form so sublime, are about to find expression from that multitude, and that in heathen times, even when liberty was still a new power upon the earth, the voice of the people was held to be the voice of God. Not only the days, but the minutes of the Great Exhibition were numbered and the first sign of its dissolution was given. he looks down contains in it the intellect and minutes of the Great Exhibition were numbered, and the first sign of its dissolution was given by Osler's crystal fountain. Just before five o'clock struck, the feathery jet of water from its summit suddenly ceased, and the silence of the vast assemblage became deeper and more intense. The moment at last came. Mr. Belehaw creamed at the shaw appeared at the west corner of the transept-gallery on the south side, bearing a large red flag in his hand. This he displayed as the clock struck, and instantly all the organs in the building were hurling into the air the well-known notes of the National Anthem. At the same moment the assembled multitudes uncovered; and those who witnessed this act of loyalty from an advantageous position will long rememfrom an advantageous position will long rememthe effect which it produced upon their
minds. Where just before nothing was visible
but a mass of black mass screening away until
lost in the distance, immediately there appearthe was before aware, but had forgotten, that ed a great sea of up-turned animated faces, and

to the solemn silence of expectancy succeeded a volume of sound, in which the voices of the people were heartily joined. The Crystal Palace is not adapted for organ music, and notwithstanding the number of them exhibited, they cannot, from the size of the building, be played in concert. The consequence was, that as a musical performance—there being no prop-er organization in the matter—the singing of "God save the Queen" was a very discordant "God save the Queen" was a very discordant demonstration of loyalty. Herr Sommer did everything in his power and in that of his instrument to keep the people in tune, but he was only partially successful. Some professional singers also gave their aid upon the occasion, and inspired the assemblage with courage to follow. On the whole, however, foreigners would have managed this matter better; and, though it is useless now to express regrets, it does seem a pity that proper steps were not spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design.
The Quaker had a high-blooded filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her. thousands of feet stamping their loyalty upon the boarded floors. Under this demonstration every part of the edifice trembled, and, as it from west to east, many an eye was raised with anxiety to the girders and pillars, which in long perspective were stretched out before them. And now the time had arrived for the death peal of the Exhibition to be rung out. Some one hung out from the gallery of the transept a piece of calico, on which was inscribed the well-known passage from Shakspeare's

"Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn templet, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind." Tempest, &c.

Leave not a rack behind."

"A minute or two was allowed to elapse before the fatal signal was given, and during this brief interval the assemblage remained silent and motionless. At last it came, and a perfect storm of bell peals broke over the building. The executive seemed to have collected all their strength for a last effort in this department of their days of the peak of the collected all their strength for a last effort in this department of their duties, and we do hope that to the other statistics of the great undertaking now closed may at once be added the number of tympanums broken on the final day. Ireland, with her characteristic love of making as much noise as possible with the tongue, has sent the most powerful bells to the Exhibition; but these resources, added to the bells of all nations, were deemed insuficient, and China had to come to the rescue with her gongs, and India to strike up some fine savage notes from her tom-toms, before the signs of an intention to depart were unmistakably manifested. The concourse of people for a long time remained massed to , as if no power could separate or fuse but at last small currents and ripples of them; but at last small currents and ripples of human beings might be seen setting toward the exit doors, and these gradually increased in volume and rapidity as the shades of evening fell. One by one the gas lamps were lighted, and the building, dvided between the empire of day and night, assumed an aspect curiously in harmony with its defunct character. The policy and the same of the s harmony with its defunct character. The po-lice and the sappers appeared on the scene, first in small knots, and then, when they had moved the people on a little, in extended line. By gently pressing on them they at last induced them to go, but it was dark, and six and a half o'clock, before the building was completely cleared, and the bells finally ceased tolling.

In looking back over the career of the vast In looking back over the career of the vast enterprise which has thus auspiciously been terminated, the consideration which first and most strongly impresses itself on the mind is the unprecedented popularity which it has attracted. Of this we quote some striking facts as illustrations. In the month of May, 734,672 visits were paid to the building; in June, 1,133,116; in July, 1,314,176; in August, 1,023,435; in September, 1,155,240; and in the first eleven days tember, 1,155,240; and in the first eleven days of October, 841,107. These figures give a total of 6,201,866 as the sum of visits to the Exhibiof 6,201,866 as the sum of visits to the Exhibition. Everyone will calculate according to his particular fancy the proportion between visits and visitors, but at least it is obvious that several millions of people have had their minds enlarged, and their respect for industrial pursuits increased, by a portion of their time, more or less considerable, being spent in the Crystal Palace. The greatest number of people ascertained to have been in the building at any one time was at 2 o'clock on Tuesday last, when 92,000 persons were present. On the same day 92,000 persons were present. On the same day the number of visiters reached its maximum, and was 109,915. Between 11 and 12 o'clock

18th, when nearly £4,000 was received; the lowest being the 19th, a five-shillings day.

During the month of August, the harvest oper-

AN EXCITING SCENE.

A few days since, on board a steamer from Memphis to Cincinnati was a very large crowd Memphis to Cincinnati was a very large crowd of passengers. Our attention was drawn to the unusual number of passengers flocking upon deck; with the captain and two or three officers of the boat, we joined the crowd in search of an incident to drive away the monotony of a steamboat trip. Arriving at the spot which seemed the centre of excitement, we found a man in Quaker-like attire sitting on a large chest, declaring that it should not be broken open unless they killed him. Soon from the chest, as if in distress, was heard a voice, apparently, of a colored person.

"Let me out; I had rather go back to

massa. Oh, mercy! I can't stay here any Look here, my friend," says the Captain,

you'll have to get off that chest."
"I'll be darned if I do," he replies. "Oh, dear! let me out-let me out," came distinctly from the chest, as if in apparent suf-

focation.

"Mate," said the Captain, "bring some men, take that person off the chest, and break The person, showing fight, was seized by the

passengers, all believing he was carrying off Mr Darkey, contrary to law made and provided. The mate seized an iron bar, and forced it between the lid and body of the chest. "Oh! don't kill me," says the stifled voice;
"I want to get out; I want to go back; oh,
dear! I shall die."

"Hold out a few minutes longer," says a goodnatured philanthropic person, stepping out; "you shall soon be released."

Quite an intense feeling was now raised the crowd when the mate forced the lid; as it came from the chest, an unearthly laugh came from the old clothes with which it was filled, and no sign or appearance of any living thing. the inimitable ventriloquist, the "Fakir of Siva," stood by, an apparently anxious spectator of

THE BOATMAN OF THE LOIRE.

The greatest interest has been excited among a certain class of persons by the investigation of papers of the rich capitalist who died lately in Paris, leaving behind him not only an immense fortune, the greater part of which is to be distributed in deeds of charity, but also a reputation unstained, a name honored and blessed by the poor and needy, to whom he was indeed a friend and benefactor. It appears (at least thus goes the Paris gossip) that the said individual has kept very curious memoirs of his life, wherein are preserved the chronicles of all his transactions with the high nobles of the was the son of a poor boatman who worked the ferry at Ancenis, on the Loire—a true Vendean a Chouan to the very soul—and yet, by dint of a Chouan to the very soul—and yet, by dint of prudence and circumspection, managed to earn a living without suspicion on the part of the sans culottee all through the Vendean war. With the steady courage of his race he would ply the oar the whole day long upon his usual beat, conveying horses, men, and baggage, for the service of the Republic—belying his principles, not for the sake of gain, but for the opportunity which the occupation bestowed for serving his friends—the royalist chiefs—and at night would start forth, under cover of the darkness, to convey arms and provisions from darkness, to convey arms and provisions from Vendeans in carrying on the war. One night the boatman was lying as usual waiting amongst the reeds which line the shore just amongst the reeds which line the shore just above the passage at Ancenis; his oars were muffled, and himself closely enveloped from head to foot for he had received intimation during the day that a family of royalists of great importance would cross the river at mid-night, in order to join their party then shut up in Laval, where they were bent on making their last stand. It was a dark and dreary night, just fitted to favor the escape of the fugitives, his ear alone for the announcement of their approach. The night was far advanced ere the well-known hissing sound, imitative of the screech owl, the rallying cry of the Chouans, broke upon the stillness of the night. In a moment the little black craft cut through the the spot whence the sound proceeded, and without saying a word—for both speed and silence were necessary in those days—Jean Landrean proceeded to assist the fugitives on board. The party consisted of a gentleman and lady with two infant children. The gentleman was standing holding one of the children in his arms, while the lady was seated on a small chest with the other infant on her knee. The rumbling sound of the patache which is a rumble of the London Atheres.

**Interested in the adoption of a popular Constitution has had the effect to induce a largely increased immigration from other States into Virginia. A large company passed up this valley last week, to Nicholas county, with a view of purchasing lands there for a permanent settlement. They were from New York.

Kanawha Republican

Assyrian Discoveries.—The last number of the London Atheres. tinetly heard. They passed on, however, without observing any trace of the strangers; but the incident had caused the lady to feel such nervous terror for her husband's sake, that she would not suffer him to leave the place of safety he had reached, in order to rush upon danger, would not suffer him to leave the place of safety the number of visiters reached its maximum, and was 109,915. Between 11 and 12 o'clock on Monday last, 28,153 persons entered the building in one hour.

When it is remembered that these extraordinary figures, which can be thoroughly relied on for accuracy, illustrate popular movements that only a few years ago would have been pronounced on the highest authority most danger, on to only without disorder, but also almost without crime. The total number of charges made at the police station at the Prince of Walee's gate, relating to offences within the building, is, we are informed, twenty-five, of which nine were fur picking pockets, six for attempts to do so, and ten for petty larcenies at stalls.

Looking at the popularity of the undertaking in a monetary point of view, the facts are equilarly extended and ways. The largest amount taken at the doors on any of thefive shelling days was £5,078, on the 24th of May. The greatest thalf-crown day was Saturday last, when 14,243 133. 6d. was received. The greatest shelling days was Fuenday last, when the sum taken at mounted to £5,283 3s. In May the highest receipts were on the 24th, when upward of £5,000 was taken, the lowest being the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In June the greatest was a streement of the pound days. In

During the month of August, the harvest operations told visibly on the receipts, the greatest being on the 5th, a shilling day, when more than £3,000 was taken, and the lowest being on the 2d and 30th. During the month of September the average was still smaller; but the 29th and 30th were great shilling days, and brought in £3,009 each.

The third floor of his hut until the end of the war. Every inquiry concerning its owner was set on foot by Jean Landrean; it contained gold to an enormous amount. As much publicity as could be given to the event was promoted by the honest boatman, but in vain. The thing remains a mystery to this hour. Jean Landrean died a wealthy man, but even on his death-bed he bade his son, whom he left rich, happy, and respected, to use every endeavor to discover the owner of the gold; and for many years his son also made every research, sparing neither time nor expense to fulfil his father's dying command. A rude cross in the wood, on the where it is supposed the mortal struggle took place between the flying royalists and some republican soldiers, a small tombstone of white marble in the graveyard of Ancenis, raised by Jean Landrean over the corpse of the murdered babe, are all that is left to tell the story of the ill-starred royalist gentleman and his unhappy

> The chronicles of La Vendee could furnish many such an episode as this, but there are few who, like Jean Landrean, would seek to make the story known. He reverts to it even in his will, and leaves an annuity to be bestowed forever on the oldest boatman on the Loire, in order to commemorate the unhappy event which, against his own desire, had been the foundation of his own fortune.
>
> Paris Cor. of London Atlas

SCHOOL FOR MINING A writer in the New York Tribune, after al-

iding to the various mining regions in the United States, and to the probability that in the Great Basin, Utah, New Mexico, Oregon, California, Missouri Territory, and the western part of Missouri, coal, not less than the metals, may be found in almost exhaustless quantities.

thus concludes: "The mineral wealth of the country being of so much importance, and the wants of the rapidly increasing population becoming so much greater every year, the value of a large body of scientific and thorough miners becomes more and more apparent. Yet we believe there more and more apparent. Yet we believe there is no institution in this country which pays anything more than an incidental attention to this department of practical science and engineering. We think the time has come when a school for the formation of scientific miners, and the science and the school of the formation of scientific miners. mathematics, engineering, geology, chemistry, mineralogy, and natural philosophy, could be abundantly sustained. The whole course of teaching should be adapted to the education of young men to act as miners, with scientific and practical knowledge sufficient to anticipate and

practical knowledge sufficient to anticipate and prevent those frequent Utopian enterprises that often absorb splendid fortunes, as well as ruin men of only moderate means.

"We invite the attention of the public to this suggestion. Whether the remodelling of some institution already established, or the founding of a new school, be resolved upon, we are convinced that an American School of Mining is needed, and will yet render signal service to the great industrial interests of the Republic."

"Our Tow."-An article went the rounds of follow. On the whole, however, foreigners would have managed this matter better; and, though it is useless now to express regrets, it does seem a pity that proper steps were not taken to make the performance of the National Anthem as effective as it might have been. About the feeling which accompanied it there could be no mistake, for as soon as it had been alone know how to give. These were continued for several minutes, and when the last of them died away, there passed over the entire building and with an effect truly sublime, a tremendous rolling sound, like that of thunder, caused by thousands of feet stamping their loyalty upon whom he lives, has been the mother of nineteen children, sixteen of whom were raised to maturity. "Old Tom" is yet able to do light work: "picks up sticks," "patches his own clothes," and says he must work as long as he lives. He has been a professor of religion fifty or sixty years; has lived consistently with his profession, and "fears no evil" in the world to come. He abjured whiskey in early life; talks much of the "old war" and thinks General much of the "old war," and thinks General

Washington was the greatest man that ever lived.—Temperance Banner. emigration from our State to the West was about to cease, but it does not at present. The about to cease, but it does not at present. The tide is as strong as ever. For weeks past, we have witnessed large companies passing our office from various portions of the East and Southwest, bound for the Western free States; occasionally a group with a few blacks for Missouri. These persons, as we learn from them, had generally made their arrangements to move from the State before the new Constitution was submitted to the People. After the adoption of the proposed Constitution, and the carrying out, by the first Legislature elected under it, of that system of improvement long demanded by the People and by the best in terests of the State, it is expected that the annual drain of the bone and sinew of this good nual drain of the bone and sinew of this good old mother of States will cease. We not forget to mention in this connection that the prospect of the adoption of a popular Con-stitution has had the effect to induce a largely

Asserian Discoveries.—The last number of the London Athenaum contains a community with the other infant on her knee. The rumbling sound of the patache which brought them to the spot was distinctly leard in the distance. The passengers soon were seated in the boat, and the boatman proceeded to lift the chest, but all his efforts were in vain. The weight of its contents, and the imprudence of the lady who had seated herself with her child upon it while waiting for the boat, caused it to sink so deep in the mud as almost to disappear among the reeds, and it became evident at once that it would be impossible to recover it without assistance. In the midst of this dilemma, the heavy gallop of horses, and the clanking of the swords of the horse-patrol, who in those troubles as hurried whisper the gentleman bade Jean Landrean push off. "The chest contains my wife and little ones is of more importance. It is an alternative of the safety of my wife and little ones is of more importance. It is an alternative of the safety of my wife and little ones is of more importance. It is and fetch the chest when we have seen them safely landed on the opposite shore."

Jean Landrean did as he was bid; he rowed them safely landed on the opposite shore."

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Jean Landrean did as he was bid; he rowed the markers and lattice ones is of more importance.

Let us row them across, and we will return and fetch the chest when we have seen them safely landed on the opposite shore."

Jean Landrean did as he was bid; he rowed the proceeded to sovereign. A secure starting-place is now obtained for historical research, and a rapid progress will be made in fixing the Assyrian chronology."

The French Assembly, by a vote of 319

to 232, has made an appropriation of 78,000 francs to continue M. Botta's exploration at Nineveh, and the scientific expeditions to Nineveh, and the scientific expeditions to vender, it is contrary to the principles of republican Government that the business should be monopolized by a few individuals.

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chandise is annually consumed. Its American permanent population is not far from 1,000, possessing valuable sugar and coffee plantations in which, and other permanent improvements large sums have been expended. The floating American population touching at these Islands annually is not far from 15,000 seamen and voyagers, from some four hundred vessels.

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